

# HE COMES UP SMILING

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## CHAPTER I.

The Beauty Contest.  
"You have a prize on yer," said the Watermelon, with rare candor, "that would make a mangy pup unhappy."  
"I suppose you think yer Venus," entered James, a remark that he flattered himself was rather "classy."  
The Watermelon sighed as one would over the ignorance of a child. "No," said he, "hardly."

"Don't let that bloomin' modesty of yers keep yer from tellin' the truth," adured James.

The Watermelon waved the possibility aside with airy grace. "With all due modesty, James," said he, "I can't claim to be a woman."

"Not with that hay on yer mug," agreed Mike, casting a sleepy eye upward from where he lay in lazy content in the long, sweet grasses under the butternut tree.

"When I was a kid, I took a prize in a beauty show," announced James, with pardonable pride. "I was three, I remember, a cute little cuss. My hair was yellow and ma curled it—you know how—all fuzzy—and I had a little white dress on. It was a county fair. I got the first prize for the best lookin' kid and was mugged for the papers. If I was shaved now and had on some glad rags, I'd be a lady killer, all right, all right."

"Longside of me," said the Watermelon, "you'd look like a bear-eyed son of a toad."

"Yee! Why, you'd make a balky horse run, you would."

"When me hair's cut, I'm a bloomin' Adonis, not Venus," and the Watermelon drew languidly at an old brown pipe, warm and comfortable in the pleasant shade, where soft breezes wandered fitfully by, laden with the odors of the fields in June.

"Beauty," said James with charming salverve, "runs in my family."

"It went so fast in the beginnin', then, yer family never had a chance to catch up," returned the Watermelon. "We'll have a beauty show, just us two."

Inspired by the thought, he sat up to explain, and Mike opened his eyes long enough to look each over with slow scornful derision and a mocking grunt.

James fondled the short stiff hair on his cheeks and chin and waited for developments.

The Watermelon went on. "We will meet this afternoon, here, see? Shaved and with decent duds on. And Mike can pick the winner."

"Mike! He can't tell a sick cat from a well one."

"That's all right. He knows enough to tell the best lookin' one between you and me. A blind mug could do that."

"But—"

"We haven't anyone else, you mutt. We can't have too much publicity in this show. I dislike publicity anyway, at any time, and especially when I have on clothes, borrowed, as you might say, for the occasion. If the gang was here, we could take a vote, but seems that they ain't, we got to do with what we got."

"The coat of livin' is goin' up so these days, it's gettin' hard even to batter a handout," groaned Mike, whose idea of true beauty consisted of a full stomach and a shady place to sleep on a long quiet Sunday afternoon. "I ain't goin' to get every place secured on me. If the public gets any more stinky, I'll have to give up de turf for a livin', that's all. To throw a gag will be harder den hod-carryin'."

"We ain't goin' to hurt the burg none," said James.

He rose languidly and stretched. "You be here this afternoon, Mike, about three, see, or I'll knock yer block off. It's a nice quiet hangout and far enough from the village to be safe. I'm goin' to get a shave and borrow some duds from the bloomin' hostelry up yonder to do honor to de occasion." He knocked the ashes from his pipe and slipped it into his pocket. "If you don't get the clothes and de shave, Watermelon, you'll be cohtened down and out, see?"

"Sure," agreed the Watermelon.

He lay at length on the ground beneath the butternut tree and James paused a moment to run his eye critically over him, from his lean face with its two-weeks' growth of beard to his full height with just pride. He was six feet two in shoes that might as well have been stockings for all they added to his height. His shoulders were broad and muscular, with the gentle play of great muscles in perfect condition. His neck, though short, was well shaped and sinewy, not the short thick neck of a prizefighter or a bull. His hips were narrow and his limbs long and straight. Beneath his open shirt one saw his bronze throat and huge chest. A splendid specimen of the genus homo, for all the rags and tatters that served as clothes.

The Watermelon was a bit shorter, with narrower shoulders, but long-legged, slim, graceful, and under his

natty skin his muscles slid and rippled with marvelous symmetry. Where James was strong, slow, heavy, he was quick, lithe, supple. Disposition had not left its mark, and the hard life of the "road" had so far merely made him fit, an athlete in perfect condition. His features were clean-cut and symmetrical, with a narrow, humorous, good-natured mouth and eyes soft and gray and gentle, the eyes of a dreamer and an idler.

James looked at the slight, graceful youth, sprawled in the shade of the butternut tree, and grinned, doubling his huge arms with slow, luxurious pleasure in the mere physical action and watching the rhythmic rise and fall of the great muscles.

"You might get honorable mention in one of these county fairs for the best yoke of oxen," admitted the Watermelon from where he lay at ease.

"There ain't going to be no show," said Mike firmly. "Not if yer have to swipe the duds. I ain't going—"

James showed that he was a true member of the bon-ton. He waved the other to silence with the airy grace of a master dismissing an impudent servant. "There is goin' to be a contest for the just reward of beauty and yer goin' to be here, Mike, and be the judge or y' will have that red-headed block of yours knocked into kindlin' wood."

Mike was fat and red-headed and dirty. His soul loathed trouble and longed for quiet with the ardor of an elderly spinster. "No, I ain't," said he, in a vain struggle for peace. "I ain't goin' to hang around here until you blokes swipe the rags and come back wid de cops after yer."

"Sunday," said the Watermelon, from knowledge gained by past experience, "is the best time to swipe anything. No one is lookin' for trouble that day and so they don't find it, see?"

"Sure," agreed James. "Every one's feelin' warm and good and stuffed, and when yer feel good yerself, you won't believe any one is bad. You know how it is, Mike. When yer feelin' comfortable, yer can't understand why the devil we ain't comfortable."

"Well, why the devil ain't yer?" demanded Mike. "I ain't takin' all the shade or all the earth, am I? Lie down and be quiet. What do yer want a beauty show for?"

"Aw, stow it!" snapped the Watermelon.

"Yes, I'll stow it all right when we're all sent to the jug. I tell yer I ain't fit to work. The last time I got pinched, I pretty near croaked. I wasn't made to work."

"We ain't going to get pinched," said James. "You make more talk over two suits of clothes—"

"It ain't the clothes. It's the fool notion of swipin' 'em and then comin' right back here, and not makin' no get-away—"

"This hang-out is more than four miles from the burg, you galoot," sneered the Watermelon. "No one would think of coppin' us here. They'll go to the next town, or else watch the railroads—"

"But they might—"

"Might what? Might be bloomin' fools like you."

"Where are you goin' to be shaved?"

"In the barber shop," said James mildly. "You probably favor a lawnmower, but personally I prefer a barber." He stretched and yawned.

"Well, I'm off before church time, or the barbers will be closed. Remember, Mike, this afternoon, between four and five."

He pulled his clothes into place, adjusted his hat at the most becoming angle and started up the narrow woodland path, whistling gaily through his teeth. As he disappeared among the trees, the far-off sound of church bells stole to them on the quiet of the Sabbath morning.

## CHAPTER II.

A Close Shave.

The Watermelon climbed the stone wall and paused a moment to view his surroundings. The road wound up the hill from the village nestling at its foot and dipped again out of sight farther on. On all sides were the hills, falling rocky pasture lands, rising to orchards or woods, and now and then a farm house. It was summer, glad, mad, riotous summer.

The Watermelon was a vagabond in every fiber of his long, graceful self. The open places, the sweep of the wind, the call of the birds, the rise and fall of the hills, hiding the fascinating "beyond," found unconscious harmony with his nature. As a captive animal, given a chance for freedom, makes for the nearest timber; as a cat, in a strange neighborhood, makes for the old, familiar attic, so the Watermelon sought the country, the peace and freedom and space where a man can be a man and not a maulkin.

He paused a moment, in perfect contentment with the world and himself, while up the valley, over the hills, through the sun-warmed air,

borne on the breath of the new-mown fields, came the sound of distant church bells, softly, musically, soothingly. Slipping from the wall, he set out for the village below in the valley, where the road wound steeply down.

The village boasted but one barber shop, a quiet, little, dusty-white one-room affair, leaning in timid humility against the protecting wall of the only other public building in town, dry-goods, grocery and butcher shop in one. The church bells had stopped for some time when the Watermelon turned into the wide empty street, and strolled carelessly up to the faded red, white and blue pole of Wilton's Memorial Parlor. In its Sunday calm the whole village seemed deserted. A few of the bolder spirits who had outgrown apron strings and not yet been snared in any one's bonnet strings, had remained away from church and forgotten their moment through the window as he felt carelessly in his pockets for the coins that were never there. The barber was cleaning up after his last customer and talking apparently as much to himself as to any one. Convinced of what he knew was so, that he had no money, the Watermelon pushed open the door and entered.

"Hello," said he.

"Hello," said the barber.

All the papers were lowered and all conversation stopped as each man turned and scanned the new-comer with an interest the Watermelon modestly felt was caused by some event other than his own entry. He surmised that James had probably been there before him, and the next words of the barber confirmed his surmise.

The dapper little man scanned him coldly, from the rakish tip of his shabby hat to the nondescript covering of his feet which from force of habit he called shoes, and spoke with darkly veiled sarcasm:

"I suppose you are the guest from the hotel up to the lake?"

The Watermelon grinned. He recognized James' favorite role. "No," said he cheerfully, "I'm John D., and me car is waiting without."

"A guest up to the hotel," repeated the barber, upon whom James had evidently made a powerful impression. "Just back from a two weeks' camping and fishing trip—"

"No," said the Watermelon. "I don't like fishing, baiting the hook is such darned hard work."

"Just back," went on the barber, still quoting, his soul yet ranking with the deceit of man. "Look like a tramp, probably—"

"Am one," grinned the Watermelon. "And you thought you would get a shave as you passed through the village, wouldn't dare let your wife see you—"

"Say," interrupted the Watermelon, wearily, "what are you giving us? Did anyone bunko you out of a shave with that lingo?"

"Yes," snapped the barber. "About an hour ago a feller blew in here and said all that. He talked well and I shaved him, and then he found he hadn't any money in his old clothes—but he would send it right down—oh, yes—the moment he got to the hotel. It ain't come and Harry, there, says there ain't no one up to the hotel like that. Harry's the porter."

"Sure," said Harry importantly. "I passed the feller as I was coming down and there ain't any one like him to the hotel."

The Watermelon laughed heartily.

He started to open the register, but the Watermelon objected. "Here," he cried, "let Harry do it. I'm not wanting to be bunkoed out of me hard-earned lucra." And he lovingly rattled the keys in his pockets.

"How much has been registered?" asked the Watermelon.

Harry drew forth the strip of paper and after a few moments of mental agony, confused by the different results each obtained as all peered eagerly over his shoulder, he finally arrived at the correct answer, three dollars and sixty cents. It was Sunday and shaving day for the male quarter of the population.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

You Don't Yawn When Sleepy.

A good, wide, open-mouthed yawn is a splendid thing for the whole body, says a hygienist. A yawn is nature's demand for rest. Some people think they yawn only because they are sleepy. But this is not so. You yawn because you are tired. You may be sleepy also, but that is not the real cause of your yawning. You are sleepy because you are tired, and you yawn because you are tired. Whenever you feel like yawning, just yawn. Don't try to suppress it. And, if you are where you can stretch at the same time that you yawn, just stretch and yawn. This is nature's way of stretching and relaxing the muscles. Indeed, if you are very tired but do not feel like yawning, there is nothing else that will rest you so quickly as to sit on a straight-backed chair, and, lifting the feet from the floor, push them out in front of you as far as possible, stretching the arms, putting the head back, opening the mouth wide, and making yourself yawn. Those tense nerves will relax, the contracted muscles will stretch and the whole body will be rested.

Half-Done Work.

There is an old story of a miser who had hidden his great treasure under a large boulder. The secret was discovered by two blacksmiths, each of whom determined to secure the wealth, and set about preparing crowbars to pry up the rock. The one was in such haste that he did his work carelessly, and though he was first on the spot his poor tool snapped, and he could not accomplish his purpose. While he hastened back to his shop to repair the damage the second smith, who had made ready more carefully, came with his strong bar and carried off the treasure. Half-done work defeats its own ends, and the success for which one is not ready is not ready for him.

Laura's Answer.

Laura, aged four, was asked by a visitor what nationality she was. "I'm an American," she replied, "the same as my papa is; but my mamma is French."

"And what is your baby brother, then?" queried the visitor, just to see what the answer would be.

It came: "I don't know yet—he ain't big enough to talk yet."

Do you want to bet? asked the Watermelon. "All there is in the register, huh? Even money," and he jingled the keys in his pocket.

He started to open the register, but the Watermelon objected. "Here," he cried, "let Harry do it. I'm not wanting to be bunkoed out of me hard-earned lucra." And he lovingly rattled the keys in his pockets.

How much has been registered? asked the Watermelon.

"New," said the barber. "I know he couldn't have robbed it. It's impossible, even if the thing could be robbed, which it can't be. I was right here all the time."

"It's near the lookin' glass," said the Watermelon. "He went close to the counter to see himself, didn't he?"

"Yes," admitted the barber slowly. "He did look at himself for a long time."

"And some of the time your back was turned," added the Watermelon. "You were probably cleaning up or looking for a whisk."

"Yes," admitted the barber again, still more reluctantly. "But nobody can bust into one of them cash registers, not without a noise that would be heard across the room."

"I'll bet he did," said the Watermelon. "Do you take me?"

"But they can't be busted," reiterated the barber.

"Then why the devil don't you bet?" demanded the Watermelon. "You are bettin' on a sure thing."

"Yes, go on. Don't be scared," encouraged Wilton's gay youth in joyful chortle.

The barber started for his precious register, but the Watermelon reached it first and laid his hand on it.

"Do you take me?" he asked. "You have to say that before you can count the change or the bet— Say, is that the galoot?" he nodded suddenly toward the window and all turned quickly, instinctively, to look up the village street. The Watermelon hastily thrust a thin comb between the bell and the gong so it would not ring as he gently pressed the twenty-five cent key, registering another quarter, then he joined the others, pushing and struggling to see the man who did not pass, and gazed languidly over their heads.

"There ain't no one there," exclaimed the barber.

"He's passed out of sight," said the Watermelon, making a feeble attempt to see up the street. "He was almost by as I saw him."

"Do you take me?" he asked, as they returned to the counter and the subject of the cash register.

"Aw, go on," urged Harry, who was a sport. "What are you afraid of?"

"He couldn't have picked it," insisted the barber, whose faith in his register was really sublime.

"Sure he could. They are easy to a guy who knows the ropes," declared the Watermelon. "The drummer was handing you a lot of hot air when he said they can't be picked. You don't want to be so easy."

The slur on his mental capacity was too much for the barber. His vanity rose in defense of his register where his faith had failed. "I have some brains," he snorted. "I know the thing is perfectly safe. Yes, I take you."

He started to open the register, but the Watermelon objected. "Here," he cried, "let Harry do it. I'm not wanting to be bunkoed out of me hard-earned lucra." And he lovingly rattled the keys in his pockets.

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## FOOTBALL

Harry D. Devitt of Chicago was elected captain of the St. Mary's (Kan.) football team.

Guy Williamson, backfield star of the Pitt team, has been elected captain for the 1914 season.

It's a poor football player who hasn't one friend among the experts who will put him on an All-American team.

More colleges adopted and played the open game in 1914 than in any other season in the history of the gridiron sport.

Carlton college of Minnesota played six games this season and in 860 minutes of playing time ran up 376 points. This is a little better than a point a minute average, and on it Carlton claims the Minnesota championship.

## BASEBALL

Muggsy McGraw is already at work for next season, and is on the job day and night.

The Cincinnati Reds are banking on Olson, formerly with Cleveland, to strengthen the infield.

President Lannin of the Boston Red Sox isn't worrying these days. He has signed all his men for next season.

Rock Island instead of Springfield, and Davenport instead of Ottumwa, are the changes in the Three-I league.

George E. Lennon, owner of the St. Paul American association club, will retire from baseball, whether or not his club is sold.

## PUGILISM

Boxing is stopped in England and no championship will be held in 1915 unless the war halts.

Leach Cross feels keenly his second defeat at the hands of Gilbert Gallant. He hopes for a third match.

Tom McCarthy, related to the late Luther, is making the boxing fans sit up and take notice in New York. He has a wallop.

D. J. Tortorick, a boxing promoter of New Orleans, has awarded contracts for the construction of an octagonal shaped building to seat 10,000 spectators, where he intends to stage 20-round bouts.

## HORSE RACING

The famous Sheephead Bay race course has been sold and will be henceforth a motordrome. A victory for King Gasoline.

Flower Direct, that beat Directum I, at the blue ribbon meeting, is said to be in fine shape and will be there when the bell rings in 1915.

Eleven San Francisco yearlings averaged \$416.50 at the New York sale. The horse is a popular sire in these days, but nothing to what he might have been had he been given a good chance when he was racing.

## BILLIARDS

George F. Slosson, the veteran billiardist, has challenged Willie Hoppe for the 18.2 balk line championship.

The challenge of Slosson for the 18.2 championship brings to mind the presence of Cassinol in New York. The Frenchman is regarded as probably the finest billiard player in the world after Hoppe, and while here he should challenge Hoppe at both 18.1 and 18.2 for the good of the sport.

## AQUATIC

The Yacht Defiance, the America's cup defender, had been purchased by a Boston syndicate, which intends to prepare for a race next season.

Reduction of the Poughkeepsie course from four to three miles is proposed by Cornell, and the Pontay and Columbia crews may agree.

## TENNIS

The United States Lawn Tennis association has decided to recognize prowess upon the courts by issuing gold medals to every player who held a national championship.

## MISCELLANEOUS

The annual American interscholastic cross-country run was won by Mercersburg academy, which scored 46 points. Central high school of Philadelphia was second with 47 points, and the high school of Newark, N. J., third with 62.

Homer Baker, the half-mile champion, has been laying up trouble for an athletic association which advertised that the crack distance man would compete at their games. Baker denies the entry and the association will have to argue with the A. A. U.

## LATE MARKET QUOTATIONS

Western Newspaper Union News Service, DENVER MARKETS.

### Cattle.

Beef steers, corn fed, good to choice	7.35@7.75
Beef steers, corn fed, fair to good	6.75@7.15
Beef steers, grassers, good to choice	7.00@7.60
Beef steers, grassers, fair to good	6.50@7.00
Heflers, prime, corn fed	6.50@7.00
Cows and heifers, corn fed, good to choice	6.25@6.75
Cows and heifers, corn fed, fair to good	5.75@6.25
Cows and heifers, grassers, good to choice	6.75@6.50
Cows and heifers, grassers, fair to good	5.50@6.75
Cows and heifers, grassers, common to fair	4.75@4.75
Feeding cows	4.25@4.75
Veal calves	7.00@7.00
Bulls	4.50@5.50
Stags	5.00@6.50
Feeders and stockers, good to choice	6.55@7.40
Feeders and stockers, fair to good	6.00@6.60
Feeders and stockers, common to fair	5.00@6.00

### Hogs.

Good hogs	7.00@7.40
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### Sheep.

Lambs	7.25@8.25
Ewes	4.25@4.75
Yearlings	5.75@6.50
Wethers	6.55@6.00
Feeder lambs, F.P.R.	6.50@7.50
Feeder ewes, F.P.R.	3.50@4.25
Breeding ewes	4.25@5.00

### Hay and Grain.

Hay, (F.O.B. Denver; Carload Price.)	
Colo. upland, per ton	10.00@11.50
Nebraska upland	9.00@10.00